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Resurrected Romance

By LILLIAN E. SWEETSER

(Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.)

Bang!!!
 The slam of the big front door shook the house.
 Aunt Hetty, sitting at her sunny window, started at the noise, and, glancing out, saw Jack Maynard run down the steps and hurry away—anger and decision in every movement.

A few moments later a step on the stairs announced the arrival of her niece, Mabel, a sweet, lovable girl, but somewhat spoiled by the constant attention of the whole household to every whim of its youngest member.

As the door opened, a flushed, tear-stained face appeared, and Mabel was soon enfolded in Aunt Hetty's comforting arms, while the soft, white hands caressingly smoothed the tumbled hair.

As far back as Mabel could remember, Aunt Hetty had always been her refuge—her haven in all of childhood's storms, and, even now, a young woman, with a sparkling engagement ring, the sweet, old lady was still her confidant.

Day after day she might be found in the same rocker, in the same window, occupied with a dainty bit of sewing, which, when finished, invariably found its way into Mabel's wardrobe; and nobody knew of the dreams and memories woven into the sheer garments. Happy days passed in review, as some girlish confidence would recall a similar occurrence in her own history; and, though years had passed, a tear would fall for the lad who had died to save others.

After the burst of grief had subsided, Mabel raised her head, and gravely announced:

"Jack and I are through, Auntie." At the question in the gentle look she added: "Well, it is just this way, dear; if he cannot trust me now, he never will, and I will not stand being ordered like a child!" A sob interrupted, then she went on:

"You know those beautiful roses papa brought home for me yesterday are in the library. When Jack noticed them, to tease him, I asked him if he did not think they were a 'nice present.' He asked whom they were from, of course, and I said, 'a gentleman.' Then, instead of joking, as I was doing, he got angry, and ordered me to tell him who sent them. At that, naturally, I would not, when he was so cross, and he said such mean things—was willing to believe that I had been playing with him all the time. When I was wearing his ring, too, Auntie! I tried to give it back, but he threw it on the floor and rushed out, without giving me a chance to explain. Now he can stay, if he doesn't care any more than that!" A fresh burst of tears and the curly head went deep into the comforting lap.

Aunt Hetty thoughtfully contemplated the sorrowful figure.

"Do you think that you were just right yourself, dear? Remember that the forbearance and forgiveness of true love cannot always be on one side. True hearts should be above causing another pain, for a simple joke."

"I know it wasn't right," was the faint response, "but I meant to tell him in a moment, and never thought of him doing that way. He ought to have had more faith in me than that." Mabel wiped her eyes defiantly.

Aunt Hetty sighed, and a mist came before her, as she replied gently:

"Little girl, people can live years in a minute—countries and lives be destroyed, but an angry word lives forever. Would you like to hear a story—true one, about a girl, just as loving, impulsive, and thoughtless as you?"

Mabel assented eagerly, her own woes forgotten for the time, at the prospect of one of her aunt's stories.

"Years ago," began the sweet voice, "a girl lived in a beautiful southern town. She had everything to make her happy—father, mother, brother, and a home, of which she loved every nook and corner. She was very popular in the younger set, and many were the flattering proposals of marriage that she received. But, in her open-hearted manner, she liked them all the same, and after repeated refusals (contrary to the usual rule) they were all like big brothers to her—ever watchful for her pleasure and comfort, without rivalry and jealousy.

"Matters went on this way for several seasons. Gossips wondered—talked, and finally doomed her to a solitary spinsterhood, as one after another joined the ranks of the 'big brothers.'

"But one day came a change. The girl's brother brought home a friend—a former college room-mate. His home was far away, and on a trip for the business interests of his father he had combined duty with the pleasure of a visit to his friend.

"We read of 'love at first sight,' and I think that is what it must have been, for, from the first, the girl was a different person. The interest was mutual, and they rode, danced, and sang together. In quieter moods, the quaint, old summer house was their retreat, where many happy hours were spent, reading together or exchanging con-

ferences. The whole household realized how matters were developing, even before they did themselves, but, as the young man was above reproach in every respect, all were discreetly blind.

"Meanwhile, the young man's father was growing impatient for his return, so the inevitable parting grew near. It came and went, leaving a tearful, yet happy maid, with an engagement ring, that recalled the loving promise of a speedy return, and then—no more partings.

"The ring was set with a single, perfect pearl. It had been his mother's, and, as she turned it on her finger, she reflected its purity, and resolved to be worthy of it.

Mabel's eyes grew wide at the mention of the ring, and she started to interrupt, but, with a glance at Aunt Hetty's absorbed expression, she resisted, and listened with a sympathetic wonder.

Unconscious of her hearer's surprise, the old lady dreamily continued her narrative.

"The weeks that passed were busy ones—dressmakers and the whole retinue of servants preparing for the event to come, and the time was checked off daily on the little desk calendar, as the letters were written. The replies were carefully hoarded, and put away in a dainty book, with keepsakes of other days.

"At last, the day of her lover's arrival dawned, and she moved about as if in a dream, until she was clasped in a pair of strong, young arms and realized that it meant the end of partings.

"Happy days followed in swift succession, until the wedding day was but a week distant. While sitting in the summer house, planning their bright future, she spoke of the beauty of her ring. He had noticed a little plain ring that she had always worn, and idly inquired about it. To tease him, she ignored the inquiry, thus rousing his curiosity, and, before they realized it, heated words had followed. Then, girl fashion, she felt abused, never thinking of the silly way it had all started, her own fault, and how easily it might have been remedied. He told her that if she left in anger, it would be the end. Of course, she did not think he really meant it, and liked to see how far her power went, so, with her head in the air, she went to the house, never dreaming but what he would follow her. He did not.

"In the morning, after a sleepless night, she descended the stairs in a repentant mood, to find a note on the hall table, simply informing her of his departure. In response to an urgent message from home, 'Will write from there,' was the only grain of comfort she could see. Frantic at the turn of affairs, she sped up the stairs, back to follow him in mind, with a remorseful letter.

"As she hastily penned her sorrow and love, the house was aroused by the news of a serious railroad accident, in which was the very train that her lover had departed on. Later came the news of his death, caused by a falling beam, as he was heroically helping the wounded to places of safety before the fire reached them.

"That was the end—end of all the fond hopes and plans—she never saw him again, and you can perhaps imagine what that girl's lifelong remorse must have been."

Aunt Hetty's voice was tender, and her eyes suspiciously moist, as she noted her niece's countenance.

"Now, you see," she went on, "why I have opened my heart, dear—to save you from a like sorrow, for the girl was I, as you have already guessed. Time softens all sorrows, and, eventually will make all things right."

"I'm going and 'phone Jack right now, Auntie. I'm glad you told me, and I wish somebody had told you, I shall always remember it, for what would I do if anything happened to Jack?" With an impulsive hug and kiss, Mabel hurried out.

An hour later two radiant faces be-tokened reconciliation, but, as Mabel buried her face in another bunch of roses, a shade of sorrow went over her at the thought of the girl of long ago, and her shattered dream. Glancing at Jack's happy smile, she thanked God within herself for the timely warning of Aunt Hetty.

WHY ADVERTISE A DIVORCE?

Writer Objects to New Custom of Indicating It by Change of Ring.

What is there about divorce that should induce a woman to advertise the fact that she has obtained one? asks Leslie's. Some western women are trying to introduce the custom of wearing a wedding ring on the little finger of the right hand when one becomes divorced.

A truly modest woman who has obtained a release from the matrimonial relation will want to keep herself in the background, and the greater the justification for such release the less desire there is to advertise the fact. Miss Acton, a prominent Boston lawyer, well says: "Any custom that draws public attention to one's private misfortune is vulgar."

Instead of wearing the wedding ring on another finger as a mark of an unfortunate and untimely matrimonial experience, a sense of propriety should prompt a woman to put the ring in a secret place known only to herself, there to stay with all other unpleasant memories of the past.—New York Herald.

Force of Habit.
 "My dear, what possessed you to send home all those comforts?"
 "I did it without thinking, John. You see, I was walking along the store, when I saw them on a counter marked 'Down.'"

Memorial Tribute and Sentiment

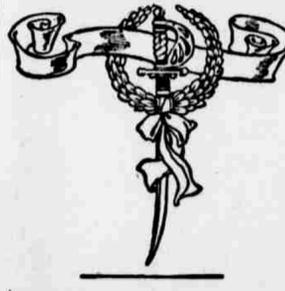
NO MORE shall the war cry cheer,
 Or winding rivers be red;
 They banish our anger forever
 When they laurel the graves of
 our dead!
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day;
 Love and tears for the Blue,
 Tears and love for the Gray.
 —Francis Miles Finch.

My Captain does not answer,
 His lips are pale and still;
 My father does not feel my arm,
 He has no pulse nor will;
 The ship is anchored safe and sound,
 Its voyage closed and done;
 From fearful trip the victor ship
 Comes in with object won!
 Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
 But I, with mournful tread,
 Walk the deck, my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.
 —Walt Whitman.

Strike not one jewel from the crest
 The loving mother wore;
 Reset the gems upon her breast,
 Each where it stood before,
 Clasp in the glorious cymure
 The whole dear Thirty-Four.
 —Samuel Francis Smith.

After all—
 Hark! from the heights
 The clear, strong clarion call
 And the command imperious:
 "Stand forth,
 Sons of the South and brothers of
 the North!
 Stand forth and be
 As one on soil and sea—
 Your country's honor more
 Than empire's worth!"
 —Frank Leiby Stanton.

Honor to them! Far graves today
 are flinging
 Up through the soil peace-blooms
 to meet the sun,
 And daisied heads through summer
 winds are singing
 Their long "well done."
 —Irene Fowler Brown.



MINGLING OF BLUE AND GRAY

Suggestion for One Common Memorial Day While Yet the Veterans Are With Us.

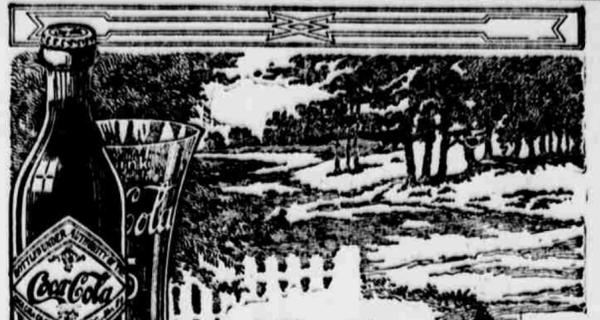
Early in 1866, just after the close of the Civil war, Mrs. Mary A. W. Howard, widow of a confederate officer, suggested the setting apart of a day for placing flowers on graves of confederate soldiers and for appropriate memorial exercises. The idea was received with general approval, and April 26, that year, was made the occasion for the first confederate memorial observance.

This southern idea appealed to the sentiments of men and women of the north as worthy of imitation. In 1868, Gen. John A. Logan, then national commander of the Grand Army, issued an order calling for Memorial day exercises May 30.

The latter date has been retained as the time for the annual decoration of union soldiers' graves and public exercises commemorative of the lives and deeds of the men in blue. The ex-confederates in most of the states have continued to observe April 26, though the custom is not uniform.

On both sides, the rosters of the survivors who will participate in the memorial exercises are decreasing sadly, fearfully. In a comparatively short time all will have joined their comrades "on fame's eternal camping grounds."

There still is left time for both sides to unite in observing a general Memorial day. Nothing in all the world's history was ever so impressive as would be the mingling of the blue and gray in paying mutual tribute to the dead of the two armies who fought each other in the awful days of '61 to '65. Why not signalize present conditions and glorify future prospects by such an observance?—Col. M. A. Aldrich.



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The Silver Cup

At the recent Spokane Fair was awarded to the Alberta Government for its exhibit of grain, grasses and fruits, the Silver Cup. The award was made in recognition of the fact that the Alberta Government had made in the province the highest yields for 1910 come also from Saskatchewan and Manitoba in Western Canada.

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